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The Last Party



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Chapter 1 by Artheimr

This world is always a choice between life or death as everyone hides those wounds. Even when cornered, they frantically run away. Even if I have to bear the weight of the cross, we're always stealing and searching for the meaning of life in each other. I don't want to compromise this motivation.

Both tears and pain will eventually return to the ground whence they came. The case is as if I'm not sleeping.

For now, anything goes in this party, just being a guest won't satisfy me.

It's useless to try and make everything perfect.

Just according to the situation, you won't advance.

Whether this is hell or heaven all depends on you.

Keep holding onto my hand forever.

If I could get past pain and sacrifice, maybe my sins would weigh lighter on my shoulders.

Let's have some more fun

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow

...and the day after

When you've done it over again,

If this is some kind of hell,

Even if I can't go back with you,

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PARTY!

This is the real party!

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